

RESTORATION



Vol. III.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JULY, 1950

No. 8.

A Bishop Interested? Another F.H. Begins--

By Catherine De Hueck

Dear Friend, Today we will suppose that YOU happened to be in Friendship House while it was making ready to open a new branch. Interested, you decide to stay and "see it through," so as to have a real knowledge and understanding of HOW A FRIENDSHIP HOUSE BRANCH STARTS IN A NEW LOCATION.

It all begins with rumors. Yes, rumors. Nice ones. A priest drops in, or a lay person, from some city in the U.S.A., or some country place in Canada, and talks of his problems and difficulties in the matter of interracial justice—or of rural living.

It may be that in his part of the world the Negroes are getting a very raw deal, and there is much friction and unrest. Or it may be that in his farming community, people are leaving the land, youth is restless, the priest is overburdened, etc., etc. The person who comes to see us has heard of our work, and its good results. He thinks it would be grand if we came to his bailiwick to start our Lay Apostolate, Friendship House style, and help to solve his problems.

Must Be Invited

With great interest we listen. Then carefully we explain, that if he really wants us, he will have to approach his Ordinary (the bishop or archbishop of his diocese) and get him to invite us. For we never enter a diocese without the SPECIFIC INVITATION OF ITS HEAD. To do otherwise would be impolite to the "head of the house," so to speak. Also it would not be in accord with the Pope's definition of Catholic Action, which must always be A PARTICIPATION OF THE LAITY IN THE APOSTOLATE OF THE HIERARCHY.

Let us suppose now that the interested party goes back home and contacts his bishop. The latter, cognizant of the problems at hand, may also become interested, and may send one or two of his priests to look us over.

Things are moving. The priests fulfill their assignment, find out our way of life, our techniques of work, the way we are organized, and report to their bishop. If he likes what he hears, the next step is OFFICIAL.

He writes us a letter and asks us to come and see him, to discuss the matter. Fine. This job belongs to the Director General of a province. If it be in the U.S.A., today, Miss Elizabeth Schneider, who holds the office there, would go to discuss the matter with the interested bishop. If in Canada, I would go.

Great Day Coming

The interview is over. The bishop gives his blessing and remarks that he will give his final decision in a little while. Eventually we may receive a letter from him, asking us officially, to come to his diocese and establish a branch of our F.H.

It is a great day for us,

for it means that God has indeed blessed our humble apostolate. To seal the call, the Director General asks the approval of the F.H. Council. Remember, I told you about this in my previous letters? But that is just a gesture, for all the while the negotiations have been going on, and all sorts of rumors were flying back and forth, all the branches of F.H. had been notified and their reactions were well known.

However, the approval of the council is asked and, usually given.

Then the Director General selects the person who is going to head the new branch, be its Local Director. If possible she also selects a companion for her. It is a hard job that lies ahead, and two can do it much better than one . . . but one will do it, if she has to.

First Find A Spot

The first job of the local director will be to find a suitable place for a Friendship House. In the meantime she either rents a room or accepts private hospitality.

Much prayer and effort go into that first step. It takes lots of surveying, and talking, to find the right location. But eventually the job is done, and the new F.H. rented. Four walls, a ceiling, a floor, a few doors and windows . . . this is to be transformed into so many things for so many people.

The first thing the new director does is to invest five cents in an exercise book. This is a MUST in F.H. Every visitor writes his name in this book, so that we may pray for all of them. Then the name is entered on a card and put into the files. Those files are going to be the life blood of this branch. It is through them that volunteers will be found. It is through them that our begging letters will find addressees. We send out these letters regularly, twice a year.

So We Beg

We ask no financial support from the bishops of our dioceses. Ours is the life of beggars. St. Francis of Assisi is our model.

Often the bishops insist that we take a certain stipend a year. It never works. For it is of the essence of F.H. spirit and foundation that we BEG FOR OUR

DAILY NEEDS.

There seems to be a strange, untangible, yet potent blessing attached to this life of utter insecurity and poverty. We have lived it for twenty years, and God has always provided. Perhaps He feels doubly obliged to provide for those who so UTTERLY depend on Him for their daily bread. (Often we get it without butter, but we get it.)

No, all we ask of the bishop . . . is to bless us, and to appoint, for our guidance, a chaplain of his choice. With this we feel secure before God. We know that all the rest will be added (Continued on Page Three)

Bl. Martin de Porres



plants apple trees
on a barren hill

Among The Lonely Hills

W. C. Dwyer

(NOTE—This is the second article on the life of Father Reynolds)

There was a beautiful clear spring, with a big pond below it, near Archie Reynolds' old homestead on the Opeongo Trail. Although he never returned to the place after the family moved to Murchison Township, years afterwards, he could describe it in minute detail.

Father Reynolds told me that the pond was instrumental in saving the lives of two men, one his uncle, in another bush fire that wiped out all the buildings on the farm.

James Ring and George Laycock who stayed to fight the blaze in the hope of saving the buildings, were suddenly cut off from escape by a ring of flame. They rushed to the spring and pond, sloshing water on themselves while the fire rolled over them. When the air cleared, they discovered that a great many wild animals and birds had also availed themselves of the protection of the water.

(Continued on Page Three)

Combermere Calling To Its Summer School

By A. MacKinnon

The welcome mat is always out at Madonna House. But starting July 1st it will be on double duty. For as you must know by now, there's going to be a Summer School of Catholic Action at Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., this year. So a lot of lucky men and women will be turning their compasses toward this little northland village in a few weeks time.

It is not because of any euphemistic turn of my nature that I say "lucky" men and women. No. In this particular instance, "lucky" is a good and proper word to use. These men and women are lucky because God has caused that apostolic fire, the fire of charity to burn within them. And since charity, or if you wish, love, naturally tends toward mutual self-giving, these people are going to Combermere to learn just how to spread the fire of love that ever burns without destroying. They want to propagate new love because in one way or another they understand that goodness is necessarily social. And they now realize that a love which is selfish is really not love at all but a negation of love.

No Vicarious Knowledge

The men and women who are going to Combermere are lucky for the opportunity to actually see and live Friendship House's Catholic Action, even if it is only for a week. Reading and hearing about this great apostolate is a vicarious knowledge that can never supplant the actual reality of seeing and doing and learning at the "front line."

And how many knotty problems will be unraveled for zealous students of Combermere's C-A school! Everyone will receive a clarification of the meaning, and the crying need, of a vigorous Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. And each individual student will have his particular questions to ask. Some will wonder if they are

really suited for any work at all in the Lay Apostolate. The reply to their question will be a very definite "yes," backed up by the teaching of the Pope of Catholic Action, Pius XI.

Then there'll be some who will be hazy about "starting" Catholic Action in their own particular area, for such, enlightenment will be forthcoming. Some young men and women will want to know if they can start C-A, as they say, "on their own." And it is very important that they have a clear and reasonable knowledge on this point.

A Classic Definition

Catholic Action is — a participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy. Their answer will be found in the correct understanding of all the terms in the classic definition. And of course the Mass and the Mystical Body will be topics for thorough treatment.

Besides all the theoretical and practical questions about C-A, there'll be an opportunity for all those who are interested in a special brand of C-A known as Catholic Action, Friendship House style, to do some on-the-spot research. In this investigation they'll be assisted by the foundress of F.H.

Anyone who has a chance to see Combermere, especially in the lovely month of July is really in luck. And as one who has had a good look at Canada from coast to coast, I can vouch for the village by the Madawaska. It's modest, dignified beauty cannot ever be forgotten. The rugged hills and rocky ridges. Mossy knolls and pyramids of pine and spruce. The canopy of soft green branches along the quarter mile walk from Madonna House to little Sacred Heart Church set reverently at the doorstep of the virgin forests. And the silvery path of the unruffled Madawaska river. These are just a few of nature's alluring advertisements.

Our Daily Bread

By Lavada Ward Strona

I am the one the Good Shepherd went searching for. The lost sheep. I am found, and loved, and comforted, daily. I go to Communion.

I had not believed. I had doubted His wisdom, and flouted His love. And He forgave me. To give me strength, He leads me to Him each morning.

I am the one who touches the hem of His garment, in humility, and He does not ask, "Who touched Me?" Because He knows. I am the least of the little children the disciples tried to drive away from Him. The grub-

biest one. The one unwanted at home. He loves me and I am secure.

I am the one in ten of the lepers who returned to give thanks. For the gifts and the talents I have, I had pride. Now I have humility. For they are His, loaned to me. And I abused them. And Him.

At the feet of the Crucified Savior I kneel for strength, and he comes down from the cross to give me, of Himself, the certitude that death is victory, and THERE IS NO FEAR.

I go to Communion.

RESTORATION

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

July . . . the month of the Precious Blood . . . the month of Love recklessly shedding His Blood, so that you and I might have life everlasting.

How many, outside priests, nuns, and brothers, remember this?

Yet, if Christ had not shed this Precious Blood of His in the Garden of Olives . . . at the flagellation post . . . on the dry and dusty road to Golgotha . . . and on the Cross that etched itself against a dark lined sky . . . we would still be walking in utter darkness ourselves. There would be no life of grace in us. Lonely and bound, we still would be restless wanderers on this earth, forever searching, waiting, and hoping for an answer to the riddle of our existence!

WHAT PRICE LOVE DYING FOR THE LOVE OF US . . . ?

It seems as if we still do not know the price . . . or maybe . . . do not want to pay it. For the price IS LOVE IN RETURN.

We seem afraid to love gloriously, joyously, in complete surrender. Perhaps because we dimly realize that LOVE IS SYNONYMOUS WITH SACRIFICE . . . and we . . . we do not want to have anything to do with SACRIFICE . . . which means self-denial, discipline, and submission to authority.

Foolish and lost generation that does not know the Heart of its own Maker! A heart split wide open with a lance . . . a heart that begs only for our love . . . a heart that will make our slightest sacrifice easy and sweet.

THE LORD'S YOKE IS LIGHT. AND, IF WE ASSUME IT WILLINGLY, OUT OF LOVE FOR HIM, HE WILL CARRY MOST OF ITS WEIGHT FOR US.

But we don't even want to make the effort to try! Faith has shrivelled up in us who walk among the marvels of science, and who forget whence they and our ability to discover them, came from. We think we are free of all trammels. We say we have done with the obsolete idea of an ossified Church and its improbable Founder.

Yet . . . how many of us feel "fenced in"; How many of us cannot find the key that will open the door of the high stockade that surrounds us, that locks us in from all we want to see, to share, and know . . . that shuts us away from life, lived to the full of its possibilities?

Vainly we search, now composedly, now frantically . . . for that key. Sometimes we find ourselves running round and round our enclosure as though possessed by a thousand devils . . . Sometimes we try to pretend we are looking for nothing, and that we want to live FENCED IN . . . Sometimes we stand still the better to concentrate, and, concentrating, prove to ourselves the truth of this new thought, or that . . . to discover with a new vividness and horror, the narrowness of our confines . . . and to begin to run again . . . around and around, looking for the key.

And all that time . . . THE KEY . . . is in our hands, ready to open the accursed gates and let in light, laughter, peace, happiness, life itself.

THE KEY IS LOVE. The lock is SACRIFICE. They fit, one into the other, and they give us LIFE. Not only for our earthly span, but for ETERNITY. Simple too is the formula of this magic. Listen! A short sentence encompasses it. It goes like this: NOT MY WILL, LORD . . . BUT THINE.

A little sentence. Quickly said. If lived up to it will give us sanctity . . . and ALL THE REST SHALL BE ADDED TO US. And all because, two thousand years ago, LOVE, WHO WAS GOD, SPILLED . . . LOVINGLY . . . RECKLESSLY . . . JOYOUSLY . . . HIS BLOOD FOR US!

Strange and perverse generation that thinks it knows better . . . that imagines happiness lies in doing ITS OWN WILL . . . or can be found and held in the strange gods it makes itself!

Now these strange gods take the shape of a woman . . . of a man . . . of children . . . of a book well written . . . of a new star discovered . . . of a germ conquered . . . of a song created. Puffed up with pride, or with achievement, or with possession, men fall down and worship these false gods.

Yet these poor idols, these lesser things, would enhance our happiness, would make us richer in many ways if we lifted them up, reverently, TO GOD . . . and if each of them were done or possessed IN HIM . . . FOR HIM . . . THROUGH HIM . . . IF EACH WERE HIS WILL FOR US.

If not . . . then knowing that they would be but passing shadows we would leave them alone.

But now . . . we refuse to do this . . . and the fence . . . that fences us in . . . grows closer and closer . . . until we die for lack of space and air . . . the key that would set us free . . . still tightly clutched in our weakened hand.

July is the month of the Precious Blood. The month when God proved His love for man . . . by dying for Him . . . in a sea of blood. Let us remember this . . . and remembering start to love in return . . . FOR IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO START LOVING . . . LOVE THAT IS GOD.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

A man looks up from his typewriter. Whizz! Dust down the road. Another month has hurtled by. The year's more than half gone! Before long it'll be snowing again.

July. School is closed. The black flies have disappeared, bad cess to them. May they die in the billions! And the wild flowers that came in with the Spring have vanished too.

A group of children coming home from school some weeks ago darted into the woods as I came along the road toward them. I thought, naturally, that my appearance had frightened them. I may as well confess that I sometimes go two full days without shaving.

But I was giving myself an importance I did not rate. The children hadn't paid any attention to me. So they were neither frightened by me nor aware of me. They were hunting wild flowers.

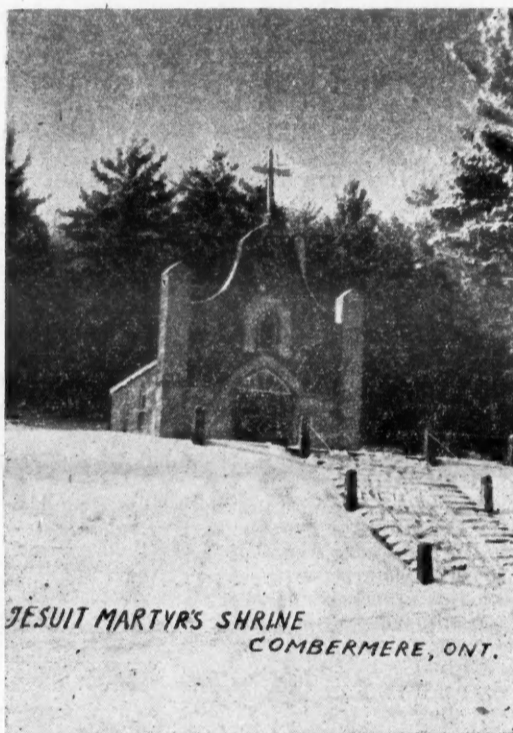
ness, in time, would be good for the roots of that exquisite white star — and maybe he snapped that stately birch in two so that its hanging part might afford shelter to that frail maroon triangle.

Do you think that's too much trouble for God to go to — for a couple of wild flowers? It's no trouble at all, for that matter. And, I suspect, since He used such exceeding skill to give the flowers beauty, that He loves wildflowers.

You find people like that too, made by that cunning hand of God. You can come across them in the country wildernesses and in the city's slums. People of fragrant virtue. Hidden saints. Shut-ins, some of them; or invalids who bear affliction with patience, almost with joy, because it is the will of God they suffer.

And A Crazy Idea

You find them if you hunt for them. But they are rare



JESUIT MARTYR'S SHRINE
COMBERMERE, ONT.

Gold And Silver Stars

One little girl, with her hands filled with red flowers, cried out to another "Trilliums"! Her chum, carrying a great bunch of white and yellow flowers, said, "And I got stars!"

Gold and silver stars. Dark red triangles. And everywhere . . . so numerous the children disregarded them . . . were violets in all shades of purple and blue.

Odd where these beautiful things grow. In the rotten wood of a tree that fell a hundred years ago, or more. In patches of brambles. In the shade of a broken birch tree. In inaccessible places, and in places where the black flies and the mosquitoes are so thick even the most intrepid do not venture.

You can't see the flowers from the roadside — "You can't tell the players without a program; get your programs here" — though you can sniff their fragrance. You've got to get into the woods, and stoop, and crawl, and proceed with the utmost caution everywhere, to collect a fistful.

Very Silly Idea

Sometimes you get the silly idea that even God, who planted them, can't find them, doesn't want to look for them, has forgotten all about them. And sometimes you think — maybe God sent His lightning or His wind to fell that tree a hundred years ago so that its rotten-

anywhere. Sometimes you get the crazy idea that God has forgotten them too, or cannot find them. And then you think—maybe even before Soandso was born, God decided this was the soil she needed most, the soil of suffering—maybe God sent the lightning and the winds of adversity to prepare the way for her. What fragrance she will bring Him!

The children whom I saw in the woods intended to place their trilliums and their gold and silver stars before the statue of Our Lady. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that God picks His wildflowers with the same object in mind. To place them before His mother. That she may enjoy them forever.

Yep, June has gone and taken most of her flowers with her. She's left the weeds, though; and they'll flourish through July, August, September, and October. It's hard to kill a weed.

Yeah, yeah—the good die young.

No, Ma'am, Not You

No, Lady, I don't insinuate you're a weed just because you've passed the last seventeenth birthday you'll ever have. There are autumn wild flowers too, you remember. Notably the aster and the goldenrod.

And besides, some weeds are more fragrant than flowers, and more beneficial to mankind. You could be (Continued on Page Four)

The B's Corner

The question of sanctity is a strange one. Ask anyone about it, and he will at once agree that it is a great thing, but naturally not for him. Nor do most of us think of SANCTITY as our one and only goal, the only reason for which we have been created.

Mostly this is because we have a very hazy and erroneous idea of sanctity. To most of us it means CANONIZED SAINTS, men and women who have led extraordinary lives, filled with penances, mortifications, miracles, etc. So, quite naturally, beholding our everyday, humdrum lives, which are spent in housework, in caring for a family, at school, or at work, we immediately rush to the conclusion that sanctity is not for us.

How very foolish! True sanctity is made up of little things. Surely the Lord Christ, Who lived, walked, and spoke to just such folks as we are would not have suggested that we BE PERFECT, AS HE AND HIS FATHER ARE PERFECT unless the way to that perfection were within the reach of everyone!

And it is!

Basic Sanctity

The heart of sanctity is LOVE, based on the two great commandments of God. . . . to love Him above all things, and to love one's neighbor as oneself.

Well, let us take these two apart, and see how they apply to that ordinary, everyday life of ours. If we love God, or even try to, then all the things we do daily we will do IN HIM . . . FOR HIM . . . WITH HIM . . . and because we love Him we will naturally unite our will with His, and never do the things we know He does not want us to do. That stands to reason. We do that even in the natural order. Remember when you were in love . . . you almost turned yourself inside out to do the things your beloved wanted you to do? You even changed yourself to fit in with his pattern of life!

How many are the girls I know, who for half their lives, loved to loiter around the house with a magazine and a box of candy, and the radio tuned low . . . who suddenly became violently "outdoor types," just because HE liked fishing, hiking, etc! And how many an athletic girl became a studious bookworm, and haunted concerts and operas because he was that way about such things!

First Step The Hardest

With God it is easier, and simpler. No one has to change his tastes, unless they are sinful, or occasions of sin. They simply can lift all they do to Him, and do it all with a great love of Him and for His glory. Did not St. Paul, the great Apostle say: "Whatever you do, eat, or sleep, or make merry, do it all for the glory of God . . ."? Well, let us start. That is the first step to sanctity.

The next is simpler still, it means that whatever we do, let us do it as well as we can. For we are doing it for God, in the final analysis. And He rates the best, doesn't He?

So, those dishes we wash so many times — let us wash them, always, extra well, let us dry them 'til they shine . . . For Him! Those diapers that annoy us so much—no sooner have we washed one batch than there is another waiting for us—let us tackle (Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

How good God is to His people, and how rarely we stop to thank Him for the many helps, joys, and blessings He has so lavishly showered on us! Take for instance, our priests and bishops. True, we respect them and love them; but do we ever think of the great blessing they are to us, or how desolate we would be without them?

Do we realize that their very bodily presence is a blessing? This came to me anew recently, when His Excellency, The Most Reverend William Smith, Bishop of Pembroke, came to Combermere for Confirmations.

Naturally, everyone helped to make the Church as clean and as beautiful as possible. The children and their parents were both excited and happy, and a wee bit worried as to how everything would come off. The whole parish lived in joyous expectation.

Beyond Our Hopes

Yet when he came it was better than all our anticipations. Somehow, almost at once, the day was set apart in our hearts. There was a lifting of them to God, and a very special gladness.

The people all lined up before the parish church to receive the bishop's blessing. That blessing could be immediately felt. And I feel sure it will bear fruits of virtue and grace in the future.

His Excellency honoured Madonna House by a visit; and St. Joseph House by blessing it . . . every room in it. We know, with a strange and sure knowledge, that the grace of God now rests on both houses. There is God's peace in them, because His anointed visited and blessed them.

Yes, indeed, God has been good to His people. And nowhere can His goodness be more truly felt than in His priests and bishops, whom He has given us for shepherds. Alleluia.

Hope in Color Too

The priests' cottage is almost complete. Soon it will receive its two coats of white paint, which, with the green of the roof, will make a nice combination of color — and signify the virtues of purity and hope.

The veranda is ready for the arrival of the crowds we expect for our Summer School of Catholic Action. There are still some vacancies, for each of the four weeks of this month. Why not spend part of your vacation here?

The first week will be under the guidance of Father John Callahan—a Basilian and an expert in C.A. The second week will bring Father W. Power, the Vice Chancellor of Montreal, and the spiritual director of the English speaking J.O.C. group in that Diocese. The third week will be Rural week, and the two reverend Eschweiler brothers, each a pastor of a rural parish in Wisconsin, will conduct it. Also we hope to get Fr. T. Scallen from Arlington, Va.,

for this week, to help us straighten out many things regarding C.A. He is "tops" on that question in his bailiwick. The fourth week we are uncertain of . . . but we have invited Fr. McGoe of the Back to the Land movement near Toronto, to come with Father William Dwyer of Madawaska.

All in all July promises to be a wonderful month.

Fun and Work

In the meantime, I am having lots of fun and lots of work. So is Patricia Connors, for we are the sole custodians of Madonna House with Eddie, for this is a sort of an inter-regnum. Flewy went to Toronto, to have an operation on her leg, which has been bothering her for over two years. Please say a prayer for her complete recovery.

Flewy is very special. Her full name is Grace Flewelling, and she came to us from New Brunswick and Toronto, when Friendship House was yet an embryo in my soul, and in the mind of the "Originals," as we call our very first group of pioneers. Flewy and I are the only ones of that group left.

Flewy is a "jack of many trades," and a master of most. Her art work is known to many. Her posters are wonderful. She can fix an oil stove, repair a chair, build a chicken coop, or keep umpteen files and umpteen people in order. Also she is an authority on the Liturgy, which she loves with her whole big soul.

Yes, Flewy is special, very special in F.H.

A Woman Worries

Lately I have been wondering more and more about St. Joseph. Here I have been making a thirty day novena to him for a Graduate Nurse to come and join us. Did I get any response? None that I can see . . . except that we had such an outbreak of sickness this Spring that old-timers wonder about it. They assure me there never was anything like it. And I believe them. Consider. One pneumonia case, four strep throats, one inflammatory rheumatism, one burst appendix, one broken wrist, and an epidemic of flu . . . a nasty one at that.

Now, what is the idea behind this? I ask for a Graduate Nurse, and we get more sickness! (I don't even mention the arrival of babies which is quite heavy this year, Alleluia!) What does St. Joe want me to do? Pray harder, or what? Could it be that something has gone wrong with my heavenly wires?

Anyhow, humbly and urgently I turn to our friends amongst the reverend clergy and all the religious orders, begging them to talk to St. Joseph about a Graduate Nurse to come to Madonna House, and take over this vast territory, medically speaking, that needs her so desperately . . . SOS . . . St. Joseph . . . One Nurse please.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

them with a smile. For Him. That counter in the department store we work in . . . which we are so tired of dusting and re-arranging over and over again every day . . . and those nasty customers, who are supposed to be always right . . . right my foot . . . If we are aiming at sanctity, let us tackle that counter everyday anew, as if it were the very first time we did it. Let us present it spotless, nicely arranged, a pleasure to see. FOR HIM. The customers . . . ah . . . to be polite to them, and to serve them efficiently always . . . because we see Christ in them . . . because He told us to LOVE OUR NEIGHBOR . . . this is really hard.

Those Cranky Customers

But this is our neighbor, tangible, full of quirks, and wrong ideas, upsetting our lovely display a hundred times a day, asking for this and that . . . and walking away without buying anything! Provoking? Indeed. Did you think that the road to sanctity was easy? Nope . . . It can't be. The Cross on which He hung, was not easy. Nor was it soft. So, a smile, and a real effort to banish all the nasty things we feel like saying to, or about, this "neighbor customer" and we have achieved a great victory over ourselves. FOR HIM!

The factory, the shop, the home, the city or the country, every place offers us a million opportunities a day for our sanctification, for the practice of loving God and of proving our love for Him by loving our neighbor.

In a life like that, evening brings a wonderful peace. For then we have the right to make a chalice out of our cupped hands, and offer the whole day . . . with all its LITTLE THINGS done for Him. Those of us who do this, know the infinite joy and gladness of that peace. Every evening that we can do this is another mile travelled along the road of sanctity . . . the road of love.

He Loves That Yoke

It is love, and love alone that will make us accept this yoke—sweet and light, yet still a yoke for our turbulent human nature—of controlling ourselves, of doing all things as well as we can, and of seeking ways and means to be of service to all . . . FOR HIM.

To help us on this road, God has given us PRAYER. That does not mean only words recited monotonously on our knees in church, or at our bedside. No. It means praying all the time. "But how can I do this?", you will ask. "I am a busy person."

Well, it is like the rest of the way of sanctity. Very simple. You know a young mother with several little kids? Well, I bet you, you have seen this a thousand times, or experienced it yourself. She goes about her daily chores, her daily work, yet her ears are attuned to the noise the kids make in the next room, or in the yard. If there is a strange long silence there . . . she rushes out to see what is cooking.

If there is an unnatural cry, or if she hears raised voices . . . out she goes again, for a look. In a word, whatever she does, she lives in the constant presence, in the constant realization of her children.

The best prayer of all is like that too. It is called LIVING IN THE PRESENCE.

AMONG THE LONELY

(Continued from Page One)

Lots of Water, But—

Speaking of water and its life-saving qualities— young Archie had to wait quite a spell before the waters of Baptism could be poured on him. There was no church in the vicinity and the nearest pastor was stationed at Brudenell, forty miles away.

An Oblate missionary from Mattawa, Father Nedlec, on a two hundred mile visit of lumber camps, called at the Stopping Place and gave the Sacrament to the young boy.

There was a log school but no church at the new settlement of Murchison to which the Reynolds family moved after the first great timber fire near the old homestead. Although lacking the ministrations of a priest, religious influence there was not too scanty. Home training was excellent.

Catechism was taught regularly by parents who had an instinctive respect and desire for education with a Catholic flavor. A Catholic weekly was a regular visitor to the home. This paper was read aloud to the whole family each Sunday morning after the recitation of the rosary in common.

The boy's mother "heard the Catechism" of the younger children daily. Every one of "Butler's" long hard sentences was mastered and memorized, before the children were allowed to make the forty mile journey to Brudenell, where the Bishop of the diocese came to give Confirmation every three years.

Written On the Mind

No doubt modern teachers of catechetics would do a little smirking at the pedagogical efforts of the parents of 1887. However, what these good people lacked in lucid explanation they supplied by their insistence, that the text be written on the memory. Assurance was given to the children that the meaning of it all would come later, with the experience of life . . . Which was true.

The pioneers had a very practical hold on their Faith. They believed that the Holy Ghost would enlighten the children when they received Confirmation. They used to OF GOD . . . a long title for

a simple prayer indeed. For it means that while you go about your house, stand at your work bench, plow in your field, do your chores, attend to your counter, or get out your office work . . . your heart and soul are AWARE OF GOD . . . as the mother is aware of her children.

Yes—You Too

We have all been created to become saints. Unless we do, we shall not enter heaven. We have two choices, to become saints here and now . . . or to finish doing so in Purgatory. Well it seems to me that though Purgatory is of course a wonderful place, because we know we shall leave it for Heaven, nevertheless it is a painful spot too. And since we have to live a certain amount of years in this world—why waste them? Why not become saints here?

It just means to learn to LOVE . . . and to do all things for the love of God and our neighbor . . . as well as we possibly can . . . over and over again, every day. If we live this way . . . we will be saints . . . LOVERS OF GOD AND OF HIS WILL.

Between you and me and the lamp post . . . if we do . . . God will bring heaven into our lives here on earth.

give the example of the apostles who, although well instructed by the Master before the Ascension, did not have a working understanding of their mission until Pentecost. The explanation of the truths planted by the Savior in the minds of the Apostles came as the need arose.

The backwoods home of the early pioneer days was also a school. Unlike their modern counterparts, parents of yesteryear accepted, gladly, the office of teacher. They taught their children all they knew and grieved that they did not know more. Sacrifices, too, were cheerfully made that a clever son might be sent away to school. There was the burning hope that that son might one day ascend the altar as a priest.

Father Reynolds ascribed his elevation to the priesthood to the religious and moral training he received in the school of the home. He stoutly maintained that lessons of morality and dogma taught by his parents made a deeper impression, lasted longer, than those given by anyone else not excepting our priests.

A BISHOP INTERESTED?

(Continued from Page One)

to us.

But back to the local director and her many problems. Now that she has the premises and the exercise book for the names, she has to furnish the place, and to start a library.

This means begging for furniture, for lumber to make shelves with, for nails, etc., etc. And don't forget labor. That is begged too, as is the money for daily expenses.

Prayer is Our Bank

How do these directors do it? They pray constantly and fervently for their needs, one by one and all together. Then they tell their needs to all who may listen. Strange as this may seem to you, there are many who do listen. The rumors of the impending opening of a Friendship House in any given city or place, have usually, aroused the interest of many people. Catholic newspapers may have announced the event. That enlists more people. Lectures given by the director swell the number. And, anyhow, we have friends all over the North American Continent already. And one tells another.

Before you know it, vans stop before the new F.H., with furnishings. Men come to work. Girls help with cleaning, filing, cooking, and arranging things. A week or two passes, and the place is unrecognizable. It is neat, and painted in gay colors. Its shelves are filling with good Catholic books; its tables are sporting typewriters, etc. The library is a reality. Now for the many activities that are part and parcel of every F.H.

A space must be made for clothing that is to be given away; another for "youth work," another for offices. Maybe there is a room, or two, for open forums, lectures, and all the activities of adult education that is ours.

Slowly we integrate, become part of the Community we have come to serve. Deeper and deeper becomes our knowledge of its primary needs. And our forces gradually are directed to filling them, whatever they may be.

Aren't God's way wonderful?



TONY AND MARTIN

By Anthony Constable

With daily Mass again made possible, I tried to sit back and breathe easily, but February had taken over and was sending the temperature down to minus 30 or 40. Our chapel had been transferred from the mess-hall to a barracks which had been abandoned as unfit to live in, as it was not much protection against the wind and the snow. It was located next to a runway; and at times during Mass it was difficult to think, let alone concentrate.

I spoke to the base adjutant who promised to do something about finding a decent place for religious services. And that's where the case rested when Father John J. Glennon entered, to take over the spiritual reins.

Father Glennon, a Redemptorist, hailed from St. Louis, Mo., and proved to be a real go-getter. He had been named in honor of the Archbishop of St. Louis.

Father took note of my anxiety to be of assistance, and "sort of" made me his right hand man. He would urge me to round up the boys not only for Sunday Mass but for daily Mass as well. It was a pleasure to work with him, and with Martin's help, I did my utmost to live up to expectations.

"Tony," Father would say, "just as long as a person continues to assist at Mass, there is always hope."

On Foul Language

He detested profanity vehemently, and put his stamp of approval on my style of combatting it, in fact, he went me one better when, during a Sunday sermon, he let out a blast and took God's name in vain. The boys, in surprise, almost jumped out of their seats. Then they sat back to listen to the best talk I ever heard in denunciation of profanity and all indecent language.

Many there are, who would like to make light of this vicious habit. They would change their attitude if they were forced to eat it, breathe it, and live in it. Many times during Holy Mass, and perhaps even at the Elevation, the satanic language would find its way into the chapel. Well do I remember how the Protestant chaplain made his bed at the chapel rather than to live at the officers' quarters. Later he succeeded in obtaining his discharge, due to the abusive language he was forced to endure.

Despite the warnings of my friends, I continued my campaign. We had just risen one morning, and some GI was taking a cold shower in an attempt to sober up after an all-night drinking party. Meanwhile, he was yelling his lungs out and spewing out such words as must have shocked Satan himself. My boys, hard as they were, seemed to resent the affair.

I prayed that he would stop, but when this didn't happen I prayed for patience. Finally I walked out and tried to silence him.

A Quixotic Dance

It must have hurt his drunken pride to have anyone interfere with his blasphemous ordeal, for he came tearing at me as if intent on giving me the works. I called on Martin, and the GI stopped as if he had run up against a brick wall. There he stood doing a Don Quixote until I succeeded in pacifying him.

Another incident occurred on a trolley car when, one evening, I was on my way back to camp. The car was crowded with men, women and children. In their midst were two boys, wearing the insignia of the U.S. Signal Corps. They were using the familiar army language in loud voices. When I could stand it no longer, I shouted, "At ease, Soldiers." In surprise they looked at me and remained silent while they sized me up. It was plain to see that they had been drinking.

They were bigger than I. One was at least a head taller; and he wore sergeant stripes. In the army no sergeant takes orders from a PFC, especially when invigorated with fire water. But, when they started in again, I let out with another blast, and this time with much anger in my voice. This did the trick and no more was heard from them during the remainder of the trip.

I had forgotten the incident when I left the street car and started my trek along the board walk leading to camp. Suddenly, I heard running feet behind me. I turned just as a huge hand grabbed me by the shoulder. There stood the big sergeant with murder in his eyes, and with fist poised for the kill.

"Who are you to give us orders!" he blurted in an angry voice, "it was none of your !!! business."

Take It Easy

"Go easy, big boy," I said as my thoughts flew to Martin. "It was, my business. We are in a foreign land. We are judged by the likes of you."

"I feel like breaking your neck," he threatened maliciously. But his poised fist, seemed unable to land.

A sudden change came over him. He remarked, "I suppose you never swear? What are you? A minister's son?"

He placed his arm around my shoulders, almost in a loving embrace. At this point, the other GI, who had been standing by, came towards me, cursing and full of fight.

The big boy tried to reason with his pal. When this did no good, he became angry. "I don't want to hear any more cussing, do you under-

stand?" he shouted. Then he sent his pal sprawling into a ditch. He would have punished him more, had I not interfered, saying, "If it's wrong to use profanity, it is also wrong to strike your neighbor."

He picked up his pal gently, brushed him off, and started him walking. The three of us arrived at the signal corps barracks first, and as we parted the big boy said, "I haven't been to church in a long time, minister's son, but I'll be seeing you there next Sunday."



ST. ANTHONY

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

one of these weeds, if you're not a posey.

Of course, as everybody knows, there are millions of weeds that are utterly worthless, or seem to be. But God planted them too. So they must have some purpose in His scheme of things—if it is only by contrast, to make the wildflowers look lovelier than they are.

Anyhow, flowers and weeds, we all get covered up when the snow comes — unless somebody has first picked the flowers and burned the weeds. That has happened. That can happen again.

Hey! Was that July whizzing by? No. I guess it was only the first half of the month. But the other half's slipping away.

It's a gettin' on fast to snow time.



PRESENCE

By Catherine de Vuick

When I flee before Thee, Thou keepest me in sight. But what need hast Thou of me,

Burning Heart amongst the long flitting figures of angels?

What need hast Thou of me, poor and lost,

Who run along every road, with soiled clothes, and jewels gathered from the dust;

Who go where Thou art not, and hide from Thee among the leaves and the fulness of fruit,

To speak with the serpent, unknotted in Thy garden of wonders.

I flee before Thee and frolic in the joy of pastures,

In the heaving and dropping waves of the earth,

In the mad blossoming of music, in the tenseness of sounds thinned to the simplicity of a single note.

I disguise myself to make Thee lose my grace, to exhaust Thy watchfulness, to escape from Thee at last, under the perfect roundness of the skies.

I am only a flying smoke, a dancer in the last and confusing rhythm of time;

I am only a reflection, an ephemeral blend of light and darkness, a mask over that which is the emptiest, over that which is the most naked place, the most impossible to fill, Thine own.

Untiredly, Thou recognizest in me Thy veiled image, Thy wounded likeness, Thy thorned and cindered Face.

Thou wantest me for the long, uninterrupted and passionate song of Love

Thou wiltst that I, a tiny and hollow shell, be resonant of Thy tremendous song;

And because I will not behold and listen,

Thou givest me Thy greatest hope:

I am surrounded by the balancing of mountains; the somber, somber earth is splitting in the night,

In the bursting of stars,

In the bursting of stones,

In the bursting of my heart.

And then, my Falcon-God, Thou rushest upon me while I cry out of fear and love,

Thou coverest me with Thy extended wings, Thou carriest me away with Thy might.

In the darkness, Thou feedest me, and nothing else do I know but my dry mouth against Thy running waters.

I knew that Thou wert there, Eternal, when Thou hadst already let me go.

Catholic Action

By Paul Harris

The great aim of Catholic Action is not to train leaders in the techniques of interracial justice, the rural life program, cell-groups, discussion clubs, or any other such work.

* * * *

The great aim of Catholic Action is to train "front-line" Christians in the art of loving God; and the art of loving God means "prayer."

* * * *

For we must remember that action relies upon contemplation for its fruitfulness, and our prayer-life as soon as it has reached great intensity, like a reservoir pours out of our soul into active works. It is by contemplation alone that a soul can draw the graces to distribute in its life of Catholic Action.

* * * *

Jacques Maritain is very clear on this point. He says that "when the contemplative life superabounds and flows over into the apostolate, it is purely and simply the most perfect state of life."

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